CHIPS OF JADE:

BEING CHINESE PROVERBS WITH MORE FOLK-SAYINGS from HINDUSTAN AND OTHER ORIENTAL COUNTRIES

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

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BEING CHINESE PROVERBS WITH MORE FOLK-SAYINGS FROM HINDUSTAN AND OTHER ORIENTAL COUNTRIES

Rhymed in English

BY

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

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CHIPS OF JADE

or

What They Say in China

NAY, READER!

BE not awed by my learning, though it is indeed great; for I do not gaze at thee severely through spectacles rimmed with horn or the shell of the sea-turtle as one who would urge thee to a heavy task; rather do I smile upon thee benignly, beseeching thee to sit awhile in pleasant converse. Moreover, though our discourse be, in a manner, of philosophy, it shall not be of a philosophy that smelleth overmuch of the lamp, but of the warm and human philosophy, which, with much wit and more than a touch of poetry, is wrapped in the sayings of the people of Cathay. Yea, these proverbs that I bring thee are from the hearts as well as the lips of the people of the Eighteen Provinces of the Flowery Kingdom, and are spoken in the streets of Canton and Peking, on the sampans of the Yellow River, among the hills of Yun-nan and along the reaches of the Great Wall that was builded of old by the Emperor Shi

Hwang-ti. And if I have presumed to put these proverbs into English verse, still do I think that thou wilt find in them reason as well as rhyme.

EIGHT Sailors; Seven want to steer.
That Junk won't come to Port, I fear.

WITHIN the Home where fewer Servants dwell,
With greater Speed the Daily Work is done:
One Man will bring Two Buckets from the Well;
Two Men, between them both, will carry One.

THE Starveling Cat maintains the Firm Belief
That every Well-fed Cat must be a Thief.

MAKE friends with Merchants — and your Wealth will grow;
Make friends with Nobles—and your Wealth will go;
Make friends with Boors—and learn to use your Fists;
Make friends with Priests—and sign Subscription Lists.

How small the Heavens are, the Frog
can tell;
He's seen them!—from the Bottom of
the Well.

To every man Poor Cousins come,
Or Needy Folks-in-Law.
The Emperor himself hath some
With Sandals made of Straw.

It somewhat soothes the Bankrupt's woe
To talk of Debts that Others owe.

Two Friends have I—True Friends, I
know;
But which a Deeper Love discloses?
This, brings me Coals in Winter's Snow,
While That, in Summer, brings me
Roses.

A thousand Dipping Oars can less avail
Than Heaven's Breath that fills One
Ragged Sail.

Though the Doctor is sure
As his Charges are high,
He whom Medicines cure
Was not Fated to Die.

LIFE is Sweet; the Beggar Man
Will not cross a Rotten Span.

NO Threats of Hell, but Present Blows
We'll use to make the Rascal quail;
Though Priests may curse, the Sinner knows.
He never saw a Ghost in Jail.

IF Right, though Right without a Flaw
Is *All* you have, don't go to Law.

THE Fruitful Seasons pass
And fill our Barns anew.
To every Blade of Grass
God gives its Drop of Dew.

FEAR not lest Men say Evil Things of you,
But fear to do the Ill they say you do.

THIS One Makes a Net,
That One stands and wishes;
Would you like to bet
Which One gets the Fishes?

WORDS are Wind in Empty Space;
Writing leaves a Lasting Trace.

THE Past as clear as Polished Glass appears,
While Dark as Lacquer seem the Coming Years;
Yet, mirrored in the Past, the Eye may see
The Faces of the Centuries-to-Be.

FOUR Words upon the Prison Gate
Are written: "These Repent Too Late."

DEFAME a Man of Energy, and soon
The Mob will echo, mingling Truth and Lie.
Let one lone Mangy Mongrel bay the Moon,
And all the Village Curs will swell the Cry.

STILL leagues on leagues the Great Wall stretches on,
But where has Shi Hwang-ti, who built it, gone?

THROUGH the Years of Earthly Dole
Man's gross Clay knows not his Soul.
When the Life has passed away,
Shall the Spirit know the Clay?

WHO owes no Debt for Crust or Crumb
Can sleep within a Beaten Drum.

DESPITE the Rascal's Righteous Creed
His Acts are ever ill.
The Snake within a Hollow Reed
Contrives to Wriggle, still.

SEARCH thrice thy Heart and thrice thy Soul again;
Thus shalt thou know the Minds of Other Men.

IN Talk he's a Wonder,
But Small are his Gains.
How loud is the thunder!
How little it Rains!

THE Petty Rascal's Fetters clank;
The Wholesale Robber starts a Bank.

SINCE Riches lead to Vice,
And Poverty to Theft,
Outside of Paradise
Is any Virtue left?

THE Needy Student reading late at night,
Bored through the Wall to steal his neighbor's Light.

YOU have Muscle, he has Wealth:
Spending these for Wine and Bread,
He gains Illness, you gain Health;
Which one blither goes to bed?

WHO seeks the Tiger's Cubs, must dare
The Peril of the Tiger's Lair.

TEACH your Son a Trade before he's twenty,
Whatsoe'er his Powers.
Plant your Fields with Rice and Beans a-plenty—
Not too many Flowers.

IF Eighty Years be yours to dwell on Earth,
Expect not Thirty Thousand Days of Mirth.

THREE are the Great Calamities of Life:
To lose a Father ere one's Youth is done,
In Manhood's Prime to mourn a Constant Wife,
And last, in Withered Age, to lack a Son.

"WHO knows our Secret Deed!" you cry?
God knows, Earth knows, and You and I.

SHALL I, grasping, gather Wealth and breed it—
For my Children jealously conserve it?
Should my Sons surpass me, they won't need it;
Should they not, why then, they won't deserve it.

WHO beats his Wife at Candle-light
Is like to sleep alone that night.

AMBITION'S Hand would sweep the Sky
To grasp the Comet's Tail;
His Thirst would suck the Ocean dry
To catch the Sounding Whale.

JUSTICE guides the Wise in every case;
Law alone controls the Mean and Base.

THE Boy may plan to fly his Kite,
The Man to cut his Hay;
But Old North Wind comes up at night
And blows their Plans away.

RECORDED Words are Fetters;
When Angry, don't write Letters.

WEALTH won with Ruthless Hands
Is Snow in Boiling Steam;
Unjustly-gotten Lands
Are Sandbars in a Stream.

THE Coward holds a Shield above his Head,
Because a Falling Leaf might strike him dead.

BRIGHT Stars are first beheld,
Sweet Wells are most desired,
Straight Trees are soonest felled,
Good Workmen soonest hired.

WHEN planting Thorns in Springtime, please remember
You won't be picking Peaches in September.

YOU "Nearly Did it"? That's your loss.
I'll pay you just the Fare
Due him that rowed me half across
The Stream—and left me there!

WHO know, don't talk; and even so,
The Chatterers who talk, don't know.

WHEN Skies will Rain,
When Maids will Wed,
The Word "Refrain!"
Is best unsaid.

BID the Sullen Servant go!
Let him stay, and house a Foe.

THE more I Strive the more I Fail again—
'Tis Fate's decree.
The more I fail, the more I'll Strive—and then
What's Fate to me!

MAN'S High Resolve has made the World his own,
But Woman's Smile has overturned a Throne.

THE Heron sought to sup his fill
Upon the Clam, who caught his bill
And held him fast, till, nothing loath,
The Hungry Fisher bagged them Both.

AS Ripening Cornfields dread a Blighting Breeze,
Old Age fears Penury with trembling knees.

WE scheme, we toil, we pray
In wretched plight,
For what?—Three Meals a Day,
One Sleep at Night!

MERCIES Two are Rain and Dew;
Ice and Frost are Mercies, too.

UNTRAINED is he that hath not seen
The World's Rough Face in Sun and Shower,
That hath not shared the Fat and Lean,

That hath not tasted Sweet and Sour,
And known the Foul, but loved the Clean,
And felt the Thorn, yet plucked the Flower.

WHEN Monkeys fight they scatter Dirt;
When Tigers battle, One gets hurt.

FAME is the Dew on the Jasmine Stalk,
Fame is the Scream of a passing Hawk,
Fame is the Foam of the Vessel's Keel,
Fame is a dying Thunder Peal,
Fame is the Scent on the Mountain Moss
Left when the Musk Deer bounds across.

EACH Sect has still its Truth, though many shame it,
And every Truth a Prophet to proclaim it.

SHOULD half the Plaintiff says be true,
Beheading's much too good for you.
When you, in turn, have had your say,
The Case looks all the other way!

A HERO, fallen, strives to stand
Himself, and asks no Helping Hand.

I'LL work at your Price
And I'll drink your Cold Tea
And I'll eat your Cold Rice—
But no Cold Words to me!

GRAVE Looks may hide a Vacant Mind;
The Brightest Eyes are sometimes Blind.

THE Arrow's on the String,
The supple Bow is bent;
My Hand must do that Thing
For which my Life was lent.

WHEN, wrapped in Flame, your Home's a blackened Shell,
'Tis growing rather late to Dig a Well.

YOUR Roof need not be high,
If sound against the Rain;
Your Cloak may keep you dry
Though coarse its Cloth and plain;
Your Food need not be rare
If strengthening and clean,
Nor need your Wife be fair
If good and sweet of mien.

MAN's Heart is like a Steed of Noble
Strain—
Right easy Letting Go, but hard to Rein.

YOUR Acres teem with Rice;—but still
A Pint a Day is all you eat.
Your House is wide; the Space you fill
Therein is hardly Seven Feet.

HER Fragrance proved by every Breeze
that blows,
What need is there of Words to praise
the Rose?

NO Name, however great, atones
For Worthless Work. The Sages tell
That though the War God peddles Bones,
Dry Bones are all he has to sell.

YES, take my Umbrella. Don't thank me,
but try
To send it back promptly both Spotless
and Dry.

SCHOLARS talk of Clever Books,
Gardeners, of Pruning-Hooks;
Traders talk of Means to Cheat,
Laborers, of Things to Eat.

He faints; your Fowl, well-cooked, would
soon restore him;
Ask not your Guest if you may kill it for
him.

The Nightingales and Flowers fear the
passing of the Spring,
The Chill of Autumn Showers and the
Tooth of Winter Cold.
I hear a tiny Linnet in the Almond
Branches sing,
"Oh, every Youthful Minute is a Pre-
cious Inch of Gold!"

Fish see the Bait alone; and is it stranger
That Men should see the Profit, not the
Danger?

Up, Farmer! Toil
While Dawn is hazy!
The Good Brown Soil
Is never lazy.

In Babbling, Gorging Food, or Quench-
ing Drouth,
All Mischief comes through Opening the
Mouth.

THE Good Man's Course is straight and
true
As that of him whose Feet
A Frightened Little Pig pursue
Along a Narrow Street.

ONE Kind Word keeps the Heart aglow
Through Three Long Months of Ice
and Snow.

WHO trusts Too Many often ends
By losing trust in All.
Lend not your Pillars to your Friends
Or else your Roof may fall.

OH, when the Whale is floundering in the
Shoal,
How all the Minnows laugh to see him
roll!

THE Ox plows the Plain,
The Fowl eats the Grain;
And some bear the Pain,
And some keep the Gain.

YOUR Arm is broken? Do not grieve
Aloud, but Hide it in your Sleeve.

You'll find True Men among the Low
And Birds among the Bats,
When you can draw White Calico
From out the Blueing Vats.

If Swearing Oaths could aught avail,
Would any Thieves be found in Jail?

The Poor Man should not grumble,
The Rich Man must not boast;
The Highest Up may tumble,
The Lowest rule the roast.

The Wild Bird has no Food, no Wealth have I,
But all the Lands of Earth before us lie.

True Friend of mine, what Heaven flung
That Gem, your Soul, to Earthly Dust!
Wine cannot loose your faithful Tongue,
Wealth cannot make your Heart unjust.

Who fails, is Poor a While. Who takes a Wife
Of Evil Governance, is Poor for Life.

WHEN Drinking Water, bless the Parent Rill;
When Eating, thank the Plow that broke the Clod;
When Donning Garments, praise the Weaver's Skill;
With every Breath He gives, remember God.

I'VE wronged no man, I work and pay my score,
I fear no Midnight Knock upon my Door.

THE Sun is longer overhead,
The Light is later leaving;
There's Time to add Another Thread
To every Daily Weaving.

WHAT Force may save that Nation, hell-ward bent,
Where Wealth is Virtue, Drink is Merriment!

LITTLE Tasks need Little Force;
Any Fool can make a Fan.
Leagues of Travel prove the Horse,
Years of Service prove the Man.

THE Rich may read and nibble Figs;
The Poor must keep on Raising Pigs.

BENEATH the Deep Green Sod lie Snow-white Bones.
Those Ancient Kings who sat their jeweled Thrones
See not our Moon nor Midnight's Diadem,
And yet the Moon we see once shone on them.
As Racing Horses pass the Winning-mark,
The Generations rush from Light to Dark;
And Yellow Gold and Pearls as fair as Truth
Will not buy back the Raven Locks of Youth.

'TWIXT Man and Wife, no Spite
May live beyond a Night.

THE Monkey jeers; such odd Mistakes
In Weaving Sticks, the Pigeon makes!
But while the Monkey has his Jest,
The Pigeon learns to Build a Nest.

WHO would not have his Footsteps show
Must walk in neither Mud nor Snow.

If none would Hear,
A Lie would lack a Handle;
It needs both Tongue and Ear
To make a Scandal.

A WORD has stolen in and bred a Doubt;
Ten Thousand Oxen cannot drag it out.

As Idle as a Goat he is,
To work he's much too nice.
A Frame to show a Coat he is,
A Bag for holding Rice.

YOUR Fields, unplowed, will come to naught;
What good will come of Sons, untaught?

HOWE'ER in Patterns manifold
We twist Life's varied Threads,
Each deed the watchful Gods behold,
Three Feet above our Heads.

WHO lacks a Smiling Face, had better stop
And think a bit before he starts a Shop.

Too oft to Settled Married Men
The Rover's life seems pleasant;
They weary of the Brooding Hen
And seek the Wildwood Pheasant.

Before he thatched his Roof, the Torrents fell,
And Drought was King before he digged his Well.

Who looks on Food with Greed,
On Work with Loathing,
Belike will shortly need
Both Food and Clothing.

The Five Chief Grains in Use or Trade
Are better Wares than Pearls or Jade.

No Coin to spend, no Friends to love,
Nor any place to go,
I find no Stair to Heaven above,
No Door in Earth below!

No matter what the Issue, do your Best,
And let the Gods and Fairies do the rest.

THOUGH Man and Wife together dwell
As Birds of one embowered Dell,
When Death shall fling the Fatal Stone
They needs must take their flight, alone.

PATIENCE! The Grass will be Milk,
The Mulberry Leaf will be Silk.

THE Monastery near
The Nunnery is set;
There's nothing wrong or queer
In that, of course—and yet—

WHEN through Foreign Lands you stray,
Smile, and give the first "Good Day!"

HE cannot be a Laggard or a Dunce
Who rows the Boat and beats the Drum at once.

WHAT Ear swears he has heard,
Eye proves is quite absurd.

THE New will last perhaps a score
Of Days; the Old, a Year or more.

BECAUSE a Brick at me you threw,
Shall I fling back a Pearl at you?

A CANDLE in the Wind is heedless Man—
A Fish that sports within the Frying-pan.

THE Robe of Justice will not be defiled
Where Laws are Strict, but Magistrates are Mild.

To do Good Deeds where none may mark
Is much like Bowing in the Dark.

THE Coins you carry to the Gaming Room
Are Sentenced Prisoners, hurried to their Doom.

MANKIND live through Buying, Vending,
Making, Marring—and Pretending.

HER Beauty owes Three-tenths or less
To Nature, Seven-tenths to Dress.

ABUSE me, curse me, beat me as you may,
I'll do your work, but pay!

I HAVE to steal or lack a Fowl to carve.
The Law? I know the Law, but shall
I starve?

HE that Smiles may reach the End
Of Earth, yet never lack a Friend.

AGAINST all Men uphold your Brothers;
Defend your Land against All Others.

"MY Father was a Scholar!" brags the
Fool.
"My Mother was a Mare!" proclaims the
Mule.

THE Street will be as clean as Heaven's
Floor
When Each Man sweeps before his Own
Front Door.

TELL not All you Know, and tell
Only What you Know right well.

RIDE within or carry the Sedan,
What's the difference?—Are you not a
Man?

A Clever Man compelled to serve a Fool
Is like a Pearl within a Muddy Pool.

Two of a Creed are Brother and Brother.
Two of a Trade are Thorns to each other.

Your Unused Learning is an Unlit Taper;
A Book, tight shut, is but a Block of Paper.

BETEL NUTS

or

What They Say in Hindustan

THUS, OH READER

DO I deliver unto thee a cargo of Betel Nuts,—a freight of the pithy sayings of the people of the broad land of Hindustan, proverbs that spice the speech, even as the pungent seeds of the betel palm, which they do call "Betel Nuts," flavor and spice the breath of the folk in the bazaars. Herein shalt thou find, set forth in English verse, colorful proverbs of Bengal, the Punjab, Rajputana, and even of the mountains of Kashmir and Afghanistan, with some few others brought to the markets of Ind by seafarers from the Isles of the Malays and by merchants and traders from Persia and Arabia. Salaam aleikum!

BETEL NUTS

GOD ripes the Mangoes,
The Farmer shakes the Tree;
God cures the Patient,
The Doctor takes the Fee.

YOU have no Debts? Indorse a Note.
You have no Cares? Then buy a Goat.

WHY risk with Men your hard-won Gold?
Buy Grain and sow;—your Brother Dust
Will pay you back a Hundredfold:
The Earth commits no Breach of Trust.

THE Tax? No wonder Men abhor it!
You raise a Crop, they fine you for it!

NOW hear the Word the Brahman said:
"The Lion's Mane, the Miser's Hoard,
The Serpent's Fang, the Brave Man's Sword
Ye may obtain—when they are dead."

THREE were invited,—here come Nine!
Water the Porridge! All shall dine.

HE laughed Derision when his Foes
Against him cast, each Man, a Stone;
His Friend in Anger flung a Rose—
And all the City heard him groan.

THEY toil not, but decry their Bread.
They fight not, they defame the Dead.

BE this engraved:
"The Man who misses his Chance,
The Monkey who misses his Branch,
Cannot be saved."

THE Goat gave up her Life; 'twas not enough:
The Eater grumbles that the Meat is tough!

ON deep-rutted Roads that are Centuries old
The Cart and the Plodder will travel, unled.
A Poet, a Lion, a Man wise and bold
Will beat out new Pathways for Plodders to tread.

In Summer, a Fan and a Tale not too long;
In Winter, a Fire, a Roof and a Song.

The Earth is glad of Clouds above the Grain;
The Home is glad of Babes that laugh and run.
When God is pleased, He sends reviving Rain;
When God is greatly pleased, He sends a Son.

"I'm drowning!" shrieks the Camel. And the Sheep
Debate the Question, "Is the Water deep?"

He gave who had Naught to give,
And Ruin came.
She went to milk with a Sieve—
Is Fate to blame?

A Day, or a Minute? A Year or a Moon?
Now, which does he mean when he says,
"Pretty soon!"

OUR Earth and Sky are weighty Querns;
Our Deeds and Strivings heap the Grains;
The Unseen Miller turns and turns;
Between the Millstones — what remains?

THE Good are Two, I dare be sworn,
And One is Dead, and one Unborn.

WE sin, yet think to escape the Ills
That Life hath taught us must ensue.
In every Ear the Devil thrills,
"In all the World there's none like you!"

WHO cutteth Onions sheddeth Tears.
The Mischief-maker lost his Ears.

"HIS Bridle is Jeweled, with Gold he is shod;
I loosen my Steed and commit him to God."
"The World," said the Prophet, "hath Ways that are odd;
So *tie* thy good Steed and commit him to God."

So Clever a Son of a Clever Man's Daughter
Am I, that an Abler Man fetches my Water.

WHY should the Happy Man espouse
That lived so free before?
The Benedict hath but One House,
The Bachelor, a Score.

HE shot at a Sparrow
And spoiled a good Arrow.

THOUGH Losses come and Fate is rough,
On any Road my Fortune lies.
God's Universe is wide enough,
And I have Hands and Feet and Eyes.

THOUGH flung into Ocean, I'll rise from beneath,
A Fish on each Finger, a Pearl in my Teeth.

WHEN golden Sunbeams rill not,
The Jewel shines but ill.
When Fortune smiles, who will not?
When Fortune won't, who will?

KNOWLEDGE? Know each other.
Goodness? Love thy Brother.

THOU lackest, O Shirker,
Though long thou hast prayed?
Know, God's a Good Worker,
But loves to have Aid.

THE Merchant prays for nothing worse
Than Idleness that bears a Purse.

BUY not, like a hapless Dunce,
Gauds unworth the Keeping.
"Dear," O Sahib, weeps but once;
"Cheap," is always weeping.

GUARD thy Secret close with all thy Wit,
That e'en the Angels have no News of it.

THAT Home called "Home" is false, I know;
My Home, in truth, is soft and deep.
And yet, as Homeward now I go
To take my Rest, the People weep!

LIARS died in Days of Old;
Now, they never catch a Cold!

OLD Hassan turns from Craft and Vice
To con the Koran's Page.
The Cat has killed a Thousand Mice,
And makes a Pilgrimage.

THE torrid Sun melts mountain Snows.
When Anger comes, then Wisdom goes.

FREE Comradeship was ours in Work and Play;
Our Friendship strengthened, till, we knew not how,
It grew to Love;—yet Love may die away.
We shared one Sorrow,—what can part us now!

I LIVE between Perils, abandoned by Friends,
Like an Ant on a Fire-stick lit at Both Ends!

LET the Rock fall on the Crock,
Or the Crock upon the Rock,
The Shock will break the Crock.

RIDE the Horse in Fortune's Bloom;
Should Fortune fail thee, be its Groom.

LET Daughters marry when they can;
Let Sons be wedded when they would.
A Woman's Husband is a Man;
His Husband is his Livelihood.

I HAD no Teeth, He sent me Milk. Instead,
Now I have Teeth, will He not send me Bread?

AND what is Glory? What is Shame?
And what is Virtue? What is Sin?
The Man but dies and leaves a Name,—
The Tiger dies and leaves a Skin.

ONE Good Man here is better far
Than up above Ten Angels are.

THIS under the Rose,
But it's true to the Letter,
The Man thinks he knows,
But the Woman knows better.

BEFORE thou hast forded the River, O Brother,
Revile not unduly the Crocodile's Mother.

BY diverse Creeds we worship, thou and I;
The Ear of One Alone receives our Prayer.
Each turns his Face in Longing toward the Sky,
To see his Secret Soul reflected there.

THE King shall beg, the Beggar mount the Throne;
Earth laughs at him who calls a Place his own.

THE Chiefs that Peasants choose by Lot
They will not be afraid of.
The Idol-carver worships not;
He knows what Gods are made of.

THE Goat made Friends of the Grass and Wheat;
Now what, oh, what may the Poor Goat eat?

PAINT on Water, plow the Sky,
Wash the Wind, or, thrice as blindly,
Trust a Trifler, trace a Lie,
Treat a Selfish Craven kindly.

SHOOT the Tiger through and through;
Miss him, and he won't miss you.

SMOOTH Flatterers have done much wrong
For which the World is paying.
If none had praised the Donkey's Song
He would not still be braying.

"OH," the lazy Laundress cries,
"'Twill be whiter when it dries!"

A FOOL'S a Fool through all the Years;
No art can teach a Hen to swim,
And cutting down a Donkey's ears
Will make no Arab Steed of him.

BEGGARS' Gifts are better things
Than the Promises of Kings.

I'LL walk with Fate, and thus compel
The Jade to go my way;
The Jackal, tumbling down the Well,
Said, "Here I'll camp to-day."

TOIL and hoard in Sweat and Fear?
Wealth is good,—but much too dear!

THE Rope is burned: Its Twistings, still,
The pallid Ash retains.
The Man is dead: What good or ill
He wrought in life, remains.

WHAT'S in the Melon's Heart, the Knife-
blade knows.
What's in the Soul, the Sword of Sorrow
shows.

SMALL Ills are the Fountains
Of most of our Groans.
Men trip not on Mountains,
They stumble on Stones.

FORBEAR! Remember well
There are no Fans in Hell!

GOD gives where Gifts are vain,
Nor, giving, tires.
Man grudging gives to gain
His own Desires.

"MY Beard is burning!" one will cry.
Another lights his Pipe thereby.

"MY Wisdom aids the World!"—How sweet
That Secret Thought of Great and Small!
The Sea-gull sleeps with Upturned Feet
To catch the Sky when that shall fall.

MAKING, he mars, like a consummate Gaby,
Rocking the Cradle while pinching the Baby.

THE wondrous Ways of Love are known
To none but Love's Adept;
And Tears have Language, clear alone
To him whose Eyes have wept.

BEWARE the Foe that falleth back!
The Goat's Retreat prepares Attack.

I HURLED the Missile: With Edge unstained
The Shard returned to its Parent Clay;
The Birds, all clamoring, whirred away;
The Sin of Seeking to Kill remained.

"WHY didst thow spit within the Sacred Bowl?"
"I thought it was the Altar, on my Soul!"

TOIL till your Blood is cold,
Drudge till the Grave is won;
Man is the Slave of Gold,
Gold is the Slave of None.

WHO sells Grain is a Merchant. Heed ye, then:
Who hoards Grain is a Murderer of Men.

"O CROCODILE, why do you weep
When Gunga in Freshet is brown?"
"Alas! that the River is deep!
Alack! for the People will drown!"

THE Crane that waited for the Sea to sink
And leave Dried Fish to feed him, starved, I think.

"O SHIVA take me!" prayed Ram Chunder.
Above him crashed and rolled the Thunder.
"Not now!" he wailed in Fright and Sorrow,
"Not now, Great Lord!—I mean To-morrow!"

DANGER he challenges, laughing and singing,
Grasping the Tiger's Moustaches and swinging.

TERROR lurks along the Way,
Horror where the Moon lies white,
Fear upon the Hills by Day,
Dread behind the Door at Night.

THE Sword is Brother to the Olive Wreath.
Your Saber keeps Another's in its Sheath.

THE Fool met Fate. "Fair Maiden, say,
Where goest thou?" quoth he.
And Fate replied, "Hold on thy Way,
O Fool,—I follow thee!"

A PAMPERED Prince will taste the Choice alone.
A Starving Dog will bolt a Saltless Stone.

CAN Love devise
That Love shall not be seen?
Nay, Eyes meet Eyes,
And Love slips out between.

THE Man that hath a Trade must work thereat.
The Barber, lacking Custom, shaved the Cat.

MY Golden Cage is hung with Silk,
The King and Queen delight in me,
My Food is Fruit, my Drink is Milk,—
I want my Nest and Hollow Tree!

TWO Sparrows for one Rice-grain made a Riot.
The Cat was Arbitrator:—All is quiet.

THE Tiger came! She slew him
And dragged him from the House
And down the Drain she threw him;—
And yet, she fears a Mouse!

THE harsh-voiced Raven thinks the Owl can sing.
Among the Blind the One-eyed Man is King.

PEARLS so lustrous, Youth so bold,
This is sure:
Pearls grow Yellow, Men grow Old—
There's no Cure.

AN Owl will lead you to a Cave,
A Sin will guide you to a Grave.

WHEN Toil is done, the Pipe is good,
And after Bathing, Sleep and Food;
But Smoking brings Delight to none
In Darkness, Hunger, Wind or Sun.

WHO sports with Ruffians earns his Broken Bones.
What Business had the Eggs to dance with Stones?

My Home is a Shell
With an Empty Shelf!
Oh, bring me a Well
And I'll drown myself!

Avoid Suspicion: When you're walking through
Your Neighbor's Melon-patch, don't tie your Shoe.

The Scimitar smites
On the Shield that is weak.
The Fish has no Rights
In the Cormorant's Beak.

A Club he carries on his Arm.
His Name is "Mr. Do-No-Harm."

If You suspect him,
Then Reject him.
If you Select him,
Don't Suspect him.

How like a Drum I suffer foul Despite,
In Daytime soundly beat, hung up at Night!

A DEMON, bored with Single Life,
In Lanka wed a Monkey Wife;
And thence arose, by Heaven's Grace
Lal Das declares, the English Race.

WHEN God sends Rain, the Hoarders of the Corn
And they alone, bow down their Heads and mourn.

THE Merchant takes his Evening Meal
And sleeps in simple hardihood;
But, though his Bolts and Bars are Steel,
The Door itself is Flimsy Wood.

SNAKE-MOUTH, Wasp-sting and Hillman's Dart
Hold no such Poison as a Wanton's Heart.

FOUR Eyes to spy the Faults of Men,
Four Ears to catch all Words of Spite,
Two Tongues to pay them back again—
You'll need at least Eight Hands to fight!

DON'T die, little Ass, for a week or so!
The Spring will come, the Clover will grow.

SHE quit the Fisherman, descending lower
To wed the Ferryman, that hardy Rower;
But still the Washerman's unlucky Daughter,
Howe'er she tried, could never leave the Water!

SHOULD Slanders vex the Man who sees
Clubs cast at none but Fruitful Trees?

A TREASURE-KEEPER, warned to let
No Treasure tempt me,—I am set
Upon a Raft where Waves are high
And told to keep my Garments dry!

THE Frisky Bullock plows the Furrow through,
Which One-that-lieth-down will never do.

All Slanders find an End
When Lip on Lip is placed.
If Friend but speak with Friend,
The Liar is disgraced.

No Craft is beyond him, no Meanness beneath;
He'll pick up a Cent from the Mud with his Teeth.

Melons want the Sun to warm their Gold;
Mangoes want the Rain to make them live;
Women want Strong Arms to take and hold;
Children,—all the Love that Heart can give.

Fortune may avail;
Plowing cannot fail.

He Sings for those that have no Ear,
He Sports for those that cannot See,
He Reads for those that cannot hear,—
I wonder what his Pay will be!

APPRAISE the Spring before you drink the
Water;
Observe the Mother ere you Wed the
Daughter.

THOUGH we grasp, in Time of Trial,
Windle-straws and rotten Sticks,
Don't we know the Druggist's Vial
Is the Juggler's Bag of Tricks?

THE Baby Bird's Heaven is roofed with
a Feather.
To Feet that wear Sandals the whole
Earth is Leather.

"WHO cooked this Rice?"
"Not I!—that Worthless Hound!"
" 'Tis very nice."
"Why—yes—I stirred it round!"

MY Baby cries—and All the World is
Wrong.
My Baby laughs—the World is full of
Song.

THE rankling Wound your Anger made
That easy, careless Laugh may heal
When Hurts, yet sore from Biting Steel
Are cured by sportive Flash of Blade.

MY menacing Foes are too many to count.
I ride on a Tiger and dare not dismount.

HIS Head is rather thick,
But he isn't quite a Fool.
He knew the Ox might kick,
So he stood behind the Mule.

BE Peaceful yet Prepared, for Harm is quick.
A Sheep will bite a Man without a Stick.

VAIN Idlers, think! (if think you can
That waste your Days in Wanton Revel);
The Fiend does Wrong to tempt the Man,
But Man does Worse to tempt the Devil.

BEN ALI, Ram Chunder and Yussuf are tall,
But the Man with the Club is the Lord of them all.

SHALL Lords of Treasure
Stint their Dole?
Don't Weigh and Measure;
Fill my Bowl!

A CHILD will judge the Voice, a Woman reads
The Eyes and Lips; a Man requires Deeds.

THOSE that Say and Do, are Good, we say;
Those that Do but Say not, Great, we call;
Tell, O Fount of Virtue, what are they
That while Saying much Do naught at all?

THE Ass knows Seven Ways to Swim,—in Stall.
But, seeing Water, clean forgets them all!

I SOUGHT your Door in Mercy's Name
And met Rebuffs and Scorns.
The Bee unto the Rosebush came,
But all it found was Thorns.

I HAVEN'T even Tears to cry,
I haven't even Time to die!

IF the Breakfast is bad all the Day will go wrong
(For Hunger enfeebles the Arm of the Strong).
If the Marriage is bad all the Life will go wrong
(The Tongue is a Scourge with a Barb in the Thong).

THE Fair is dull as a Sermon's End
To him with never a Coin to spend.

SHRINK into Hell's Abodes,
Or leap the Sun,—
Flight hath a Thousand Roads,
My Vengeance, one!

I'M like a Camel: Nights and Morns
I carry Sweets but feed on Thorns!

THE Unbeliever trusts the Eye;
The Ear of Faith learns wondrous things.
You never saw the Prophet fly,
But Priestly Tongues can lend him Wings.

A QUEEN are you and a Queen am I,—
But who will spread the Clothes to dry?

DEATH is the Boding Crow that wheels
O'er Homes of Low and Great.
Death is the Camel Black that kneels
Unbid, at every Gate.

QUOTH Mittan the Miser when mellow with Wine,
"Save Cupboard and Wardrobe, the Whole House is thine!"

THE Wells are dry; the Cattle die
Amid the shriveled Grain.
Above, the Crown of the Head is burnt;
Below, the Sole of the Foot is burnt;
O Great God, let it rain!

MERCY to the Tiger is a Sham.
Call it, "Being cruel to the Lamb."

SUGAR is crisp as Sand,
Sugar is white as Fleece,
Sugar is sweet and bland,—
But not so sweet as Peace.

A SHOWER of Honey on a Sugar Shed
Is shamed by Speech of Lovers newly wed.

WHEN Life is Woe
And Hope is dumb,
The World says, "Go!"
The Grave says, "Come!"

WHERE Ships have steered, the Caravan may trail;
Where winds the Caravan, the Ship may sail.

A THOUSAND Times I dived, yet found
No Pearl. The Fault was not
With Me, nor Thee, nor yet the Sea;—
But my Unhappy Lot.

SMILE at Wrongs thou canst not right,
Kiss the Hand thou darest not bite.

"O ALLAH," prays the Cat in hungry Zeal,
"Send Blindness on my Lord, that I may steal!"
"O Allah," prays the Dog, "endow with Meat
My Lord, who, being filled, shall bid me eat!"

WHO gives a Man a Child to nurse
Or trusts a Woman with a Purse?

LAL MIR'S Cat is grown too fat
To hunt her Prey and snatch it.
A Mouse she saw and waved her Paw
To bid her Master catch it.

WHY ask my Answer, strong-armed Unbeliever?
What Answer can the Mutton give the Cleaver?

THOUGH called, when up and earning,
Thy Sweetheart's Darling One,
In Want and Fever's Burning
Thou art thy Mother's Son.

GOD that makes the Egg to Live,
Shall Man ask and Thou not give?

CHOSE: Peace or Death! What good
is Life
In Hate and Fear?
Let One, or Both, or else our Strife
Be buried here!

GOD gives each Bird the Food that suits
it best,
But never hangs the Food above the Nest.

I STONED the Mango Tree
And sweet Fruit fell.
My Foe misuseth me?
I'll use him well.

HEAD-DOWNWARD hangs the Bat with
Lips upcurled,
And sneers, "How Topsy-turvy is the
World!"

THE Teeth are Thirty-two in sharp
Array;
The Tongue is lone and weak, and yet
among
The Silent Teeth it dwells, and Talks all
Day,
Yet takes no Harm! How Clever is
the Tongue!

SHE scolds at the Thunder, she scowls at
the Light,
She spits on the Thorn-bush and dares it
to fight.

IN evil Days
Draw good from every Harm.
Your Home's ablaze?
The Flames will keep you warm.

"HE has killed a Thousand Men!"
"Ah? he's Half a Doctor, then."

ABOVE the Lintel wrote the laggard
Guest,
"An Uncle's Dwelling is a Place of Rest."

His Cousin scrawled beneath that Fervent
Phrase,
"If One remain not more than Seven
Days."

ARE we Babes for Threats to fright?
"Mother's Bear" will never bite.

THE drumming Rain with Crystal Spears
Assails the Mold. Our Acres thrive
And Famine's Footprint disappears
And Five becomes as Thirty-five.

A WORD informs the Wise at once.
A Hundred Lashes teach the Dunce.

FORM hath one Beauty; Dress, the Pundits
hold,
Hath Beauties fifty score;
Ten thousand Beauties glow in Gems and
Gold;
In Love, ten million more.

To all their own Repasts:
The Swan eats Pearls or fasts.

THE Donkey turns a hungry Eye
Upon the Fields all bare and dry;
Then waxes fat, the Happy Ass,
To think he's eaten all that Grass!

YOU'LL trace a Lie's Beginning
When Sinners own to Sinning.

THE Food was the Bee's,
But by Man it is eaten.
The Sin was the Flea's,
But the Bedding is beaten.

O CRAFTY Bee, which dost thou bring
To me—the Honey or the Sting?

HAVE Flowers less of Fragrance when they bloom where none may mark?
Are Rubies dull and worthless when they lie on Mountains lone?
Is Honey harsh and bitter when 'tis eaten in the Dark?
Is Love the less delightful when to all the World unknown?

THE Swindler has no Time to smoke a
Pipe.
Who finds a Crow asleep when Figs are
ripe?

WE'RE stripped as bare as a Bone!
The Thief and his Stick were Two;
My Brother and I were all alone,
So, pray, what could we do?

WITHIN the Temple thrives the Scamp.
'Tis Darkest underneath the Lamp.

THE Jackals show their Teeth, the
Monkeys chatter,
The angry Sparrows bluster—does it
matter?
The Dogs may tear his red Caparison,
But, undisturbed, the Elephant goes on.

I'VE found my Knife, but where are you,
O Hound!
When I find you, my Knife can not be
found!

THE Elephant is guided by the Goad;
A Club will keep the Bullock to the Road;
The Bit and Rein subdue the restive Horse,
And naught controls a Simpleton but Force.

THOUGH gentlest Hands re-knit the silken Chain
Of Severed Friendship, still the Knots remain.

THE Hope of Home will make
A Cripple sound.
Nor Head nor Feet will ache
When Homeward bound.

THE Rains have come! The Rice-blades spring!
The Farmer cares not who is King!

MY Wrath is more than Tongue can utter!
The Cat beneath my Hand shall quail!
'Twas not enough to steal the Butter—
She yawned and sniffed and shook her Tail!

WE measure Towers by the Shadows thrown,
And Great Men by the Slanders idly blown.

A LAUGH is due
When Fate's grim Jests are hurled.
What's Death to you
Is Fun for all the World.

SHE's vain and saucy, proud and idle,—
An Old Mare with a New Red Bridle.

THE eager Fish
Repent within the Net.
Young Lovers wish,
And Married Men regret.

DEATH took him off
But cured his Cough.

LOST and Gone, like the Fame of Kings,
Like a Woman's Faith, like the Horse's Wings,
Like the Morning Mist, like the Evening Red,
Like the Horns that grew on the Donkey's Head!

His Sympathy is cold; beneath
The Weeping Eyes are Laughing Teeth.

The Water-lily spreads her Petals white;
The Moon, twice forty thousand Leagues above,
Upon her pours a Flood of tender Light.
Oh, Time and Space are naught to them that love!

Whose Hands are clever, labors all his Days;
Whose Tongue is clever, speaks—the World obeys.

My Hair hung low, a glossy Braid,
Your Beard was Down upon your Chin;
Our Love, the Love of Youth and Maid
To which all other Love is Sin!

The Roots of Strife are Four, all told:
A Woman, Cattle, Land and Gold.

Love must love though Love must rue:
Who the Flame of Love may smother!
I am dying, Love, for you;
You are dying for Another!

WHEN Feasts are spread the Doctor rolls
his Pills.
In Fifty Dishes lie a Hundred Ills.

NO more he dances, feasts and sings;
The Married Man is bound to Toil;
His Mind is full of Sterner Things,
And those are Food and Wood and Oil.

WHAT's that? You "Saw"?—I won't be-
lieve a Word
Of what you "Saw!"—I'll tell you what I
Heard!

THE Day he came we called him
"Friend";
The Second Day we styled him
"Guest";
The Third, "Our Caller"; at the End
Of Seven Weary Days, "A Pest!"

FORBEAR to kill him, for the Sake
Of all the Widows thou wouldst make.

MY Love departs with Dawning Light,
Mine Eyes are dark with Sorrow.
I pray thee, Lord, make such a Night
That there shall be no Morrow!

He's like the Golden Knife; unfit for Play
Or any Use, too good to throw away.

The Butter that the Farmer sold was bad;
The Merchant's Weights were false; so, haggling there,
Each deemed himself a Cheat; but, oh, how sad!
The Bargain that they made was just and fair.

The Judge, beset with Lies, must try to tell
What Plaintiff and Defendant know too well.

The Farmer prays for Rain,
The Washerman for Sun.
If Prayers were not in vain,
The World would be undone.

A garden Wall is easy leaping.
The Blind Man's Wife is in God's Keeping.

To all the World thy Bosom's Joy disclose,
That Men shall honor thee and call thee Great;
But let thine own Roof cover all thy Woes—
Tie not thy Troubles to the Village Gate!

My own good Son is a Son indeed!
My neighbor's Son is a Worthless Weed.

They find Life sweet
That Earn and Eat;
And they will Earn
That Lose and Learn.

Fair is the Hope of a Distant Day;
Blue are the Hills that are far away.

These Letters Black are Seeds, the which my Pen
In Snow white Furrows diligently sows;

The Harvest shall be reaped by other
Men,
But what shall be that Harvest, Heaven
knows.

Obtrusive Cleanliness is out of Place:
The Fussy Housewife washed the
Tiger's Face.

The Donkey to the Camel said,
"How dainty are your Feet!"
The Camel to the Donkey said,
"Your Voice is wondrous sweet!"

Strangers serve the Swindler's Ends;
Merchants, only, cheat their Friends.

The Promise may be broken
That's made when Youth is new,
But not the Promise spoken
'Twixt Thirty-Teeth-and-Two.

Who goes to Law cries out, "Alack!
Come Poverty, sit on my Back!"

Good Madam Cat, you've bitten off my
Tail;
Now let me go, to scamper through the
House
And rummage every Shelf with Tooth and
Nail,
For Life is sweet, e'en to a Tailless
Mouse.

The Jar of Wine for the Rich Man's
Hall.
The Wayside Spring is the Friend of All.

Six Years thy Son is all his Mother's own
To love and tend;
Twelve more he is thy Care—and then
alone
Becomes thy Friend.

Look to thy Letters, Arms and Horse's
Girth
Thyself, though served by all the Slaves
on Earth.

In August Drouth the Jackal Whelp was born;
September poured his Waters down the Plains;
Then cried the Cub in Wonder, "I'll be sworn,
In All My Life I've never seen such Rains!"

Rust cracks the Empty Pan,
Sloth breaks the Husbandman.

Should Fate assail,
What use to guard or plan?
A Serpent's Tail
Will bite a Luckless Man.

Trade, join hands or strive alone with those
That are proved your Equals—Friends or Foes.

Stand, or rest at your ease;
Sit, or lie on the floor;
Come and go as you please,
But Do not Bang the Door!

He plies his Trade; still, is it not a sin
To waste a Beam to make a Rolling-pin?

He hoots with the owls,
With the Horses he neighs,
With the Jackals he yowls,
With the Donkeys he brays.

The Court's Decree is Justice, clean and fair.
And Luck? Why, Luck is what the Dice declare.

I go, and leave your Mirth,
I pass, and leave your Care;
My earth shall mix with Earth,
My breath shall mix with Air.
I've done with Wealth and Dearth,
I'm one with Time and Space.
Unclose, O Mother Earth,
And give your Son a place!

My lord, when called "My Lord!" will duly come.
'Tis thus I keep "my lord" beneath my thumb.

ALL Noble Thought will surely reach the skies
From any lands.
Unworthy Prayer is merely closing eyes
And folding hands.

AT Men of Deeds are jealous slanders thrown,
As Stones are cast at Fruitful Trees alone.

GLASS Bracelets at a Farthing each are sold;
But when on arms without a fleck
They clasp, in love, a Husband's neck
Their worth is Many Thousand Pounds of Gold.

FOUR things in Stubbornness all else surpass:
A Child, a King, a Woman and an Ass.

YOU call my tale "Romance,"
And still the thing may be.
The Jungle Peacocks dance,
Though none is there to see.

THE Soul of the Sluggard revives in the
Slow-worm;
The Torchbearer dies and is turned to a
Glow-worm.

PARCHED Peas are proud, and rightfully,
they think;
The noise of grinding them is heard so
far,
And he that eats of them is forced to
drink
A Hundred Gulps of Water from the
jar!

BROKEN Friendship's Friendship ended;
Shattered Pearls may not be mended.

BY diverse Yearnings torn and tried,
Poor Men grow ever thinner:
The Bridegroom longs to see the Bride,
The Guests to see the Dinner.

FOOD saves and Food destroys our Mortal
Brood;
No Friend nor Enemy is there like Food.

To gather Wealth, his grasping Hands
are Two;
One niggard Hand he has to give or
spend.
An Open Palm he shows the Well-to-do,
A Knotted Fist he shows a Needy
Friend.

By Fear are forms of Demons wrought,
And Phantoms are the Brood of
Thought.

The Farms are rife
With living Wealth of Spring;
The Plowman's Wife
Shall have a Golden Ring.

The Elephant's Bulk is amazing to see.
"Yap! Yap!" says the Cur, "he is
frightened of Me!"

Confess thy Wrongful Deed this day
And leave contented
The Injured One—else do not say,
"I have repented!"

DON'T idle. Have you naught to do?
Well, then,
Unstitch your Clothes and sew them up
again.

WHO loves by lower Laws,
His Love is naught;
I love my Love, because
I love her Thought.

WHO hath not found his God nor yet his
Love
Hath lost this World Below with That
Above.

IN lairs of Monkeys
Follies heap;
Where gather Donkeys
Kicks are cheap.

REMEMBER, Guest, in Delhi, Greece or
Rome,
The Grandson is the Lord of every Home.

A PRAYER for Work his Tongue has pat,
But never mind it;
For still his Heart keeps praying that
He may not find it.

"YES," says the Man; "Yes," says the Woman, too;
And what can Judge, or Priest, or Sultan do?

HE will not answer? Wait; he will.
His Head is stubborn, yet I know
The Tent-peg's Head, though harder still,
Must answer to the Hammer's Blow.

THE Law I do not fear;
My Son's Policeman here.

THE Curse of Money doubles
The Woes of Rich and Poor;
A Penny buyeth Troubles
That Dollars cannot cure.

THOUGH through his Flesh and Bone the Arrow bit,
He prayed, "God send it prove I be not hit!"

A MAN may greet his Friends with honeyed Tongue,
And yet in Trade be hard and cold as Ice.
The Cat has Gentle Teeth to hold her Young,
But very Different Teeth for catching Mice.

HE roams like a Dog from the East to the West
With Nothing to Do and no Leisure to Rest.

SHINE, Firefly,
Through leafy bars,
But do not vie
With Heaven's Stars!

As faithful as the Knee-joint to its Socket,
The Lawyer's Hand keeps in his Client's Pocket.

THEY that challenge Danger, bring
On themselves disastrous Force:
Do not stand Before the King,
Do not stand Behind the Horse.

It is the Soldier's Blood and Grief
That makes the Glory of the Chief.

The Turtle lays upon the Sand
A Thousand Eggs, unknown to Fame.
The Hen lays One—but all the Land
Is ringing with that Deed's acclaim.

Both of us are Lords of Men—
But who will drive the Asses, then?

He sighs in the wet,
Growing thinner and thinner,
"If I had a Net
The Fish would be Dinner."

A Raid of Elephants is better than
A Visit of a Rajah with his Clan.

He's bound to go
Wherever she goes—
A Buffalo
With a Ring in his Nose!

The Camel learns to bear the Load,
The Elephant to bear the Goad.

THE Mouse's Chance is Garnered Rice;
The Pigeon's Chance is Scattered Peas;
The Monkey's Chance is Mounds of Spice;
The Shark's—the Wrecks of Stormy Seas.

THE Ants die thick around the Sugar-measure,
And Men are ruined in Pursuit of Pleasure.

THE Hornbill hovered there;
The Palm snapped like a reed;
So Witnesses will swear,
"The Hornbill did the Deed!"

THOUGH strong are Dagger, Sword and Musket-ball,
The Cooking Pot is Mightiest of All.

HE wags a righteous Tongue,
Whate'er his Acts may be.
The Crab instructs its Young,
"Walk straight ahead—like me!"

WHERE deep and smooth the Stream beguiles,
Beware! look out for Crocodiles!

HE'LL game if Fortune stays or flies;
A Gambler to the core.
He loses—then, "Revenge!" he cries;
He wins—and must have more.

A MONEY-DEBT with Gold may be defrayed;
A Debt of Gratitude can not be paid.

THE Thief repents, and yet
The Law remains severe.
The Deer forgets the Net,
But not the Net, the Deer.

THE Curs are barking, one and all,
But that won't make the Mountain fall.

BETTER to die for a Thing Worth While
Than to perish of Sighs and Wishes.
Better be snapped by a Crocodile
Than be nibbled to death by Fishes.

ALTHOUGH the Cow may not be vicious,
Her long, sharp Horns make Folks suspicious.

A MAN too poor to buy or sell,
Of Treasurers will prove the worst.
Shall he that's set to guard the Well
Permit himself to die of Thirst?

WHO dares not hoist the sail till all agree
That Danger's dead, will never put to Sea.

THE Bitter Gourd I planted where Sago Heaps had lain,
With Treacle-drops and Honey I drenched the Little Hill;
I trained the Leafy Tendrils on rods of Sugar Cane;
But when the Fruit had ripened, alas! 'twas Bitter still!

NOT a Penny to her name—
Runs to Market just the same.

FARMING bears the bell away;
Trade comes next, the Wise Men say;
Service is a sorry lot;
Beggary is worst, God wot!

THE Yellow Dog that comes well recommended
Will be a Lion ere the Game is ended.

FIVE Eggs was all the Rajah taxed the Village;
His Soldiers took a Thousand Fowls in pillage.

WHEN Clover blooms, and all the Hive is singing,
The Honey Bee has little time for Stinging.

WHAT Culprit fails to urge the Plea
That there are Others Worse than He?

MAN need not prey on Man to keep alive;
Not all the Birds are Hawks, and yet they thrive.

A PATCH of Silk on what you wear
Calls most Attention to the Tear.

HOW many Doors to Fame are shut
By those Bad Fairies, "If" and "But"!

I'LL make it Rain as soon as Men
Will all agree and tell me when.

A SLIP of the Foot is a trivial thing;
A Slip of the Tongue may ruin the King.

BROTHER helps Brother;
Friends die for each other.

PLANT the Tree with Care and train it straight;
Perhaps 'twill be a Pillar of the State.

THE Peacock struts; his Grace may please the Peacock,
But who else in the Jungle sees the the Peacock?

BOTH of us are Men of Might.
Wherefore Quarrel? Let us fight!

THE Shaggy White Dog will be sure to catch Cold
If he runs to the Market where Cotton is sold.

THE Double-meaning Word of Craft
Is still the Traitor's Shield and Shaft.

THE Open Hands of Charity are fair
And holy as the Folded Hands of Prayer.

THE Crab explains, "My Crooked Walk, in truth,
Is just the Harmless Playfulness of Youth."

WHATEVER your Troubles, whatever your Woes,
Tobacco and Coffee are Perfect Repose.

IF Prayers of Dogs were heard at all,
What Showers of Bones from Heaven would fall!

WHO quarrels with the Well, should first
Make sure he will not Die of Thirst.

OH, Rash One! Expect you from Death to awake
By saying, "Excuse me! I died by Mistake"?

WHO brags about his Great Forbears
Would steal the Praise that should be theirs.

TENDER is Earth and the humblest of things,
Kissing the Feet of her Beggars and Kings.

The End of the Book

The Caravan hath reached the Journey's Goal,
And glad is Wayworn Friend embracing Friend;
The Pen hath reached the bottom of the Scroll,
And, gladder still, the Scribe will write,
"The End."

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